

Bowser, He Invites—But He Will Never Do So Again

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Three or four weeks ago Mr. Bowser had to go out into the country to look at a piece of land for a would-be customer. He found the farmer a rather shiftless man, who had many woes and misfortunes to relate.

There was shiftlessness and want of care apparent everywhere. Even the hens cackled in a despairing way, and the old cow bawled as if lonesome for a change of climate. The family consisted of a wife and four children. The children were like a step-ladder—two, four, six and eight lonely, too, and so in want of vitality and ambition that they could not get up a dispute among themselves. The wife was tall and thin, and melancholy. She told Mr. Bowser, as soon



"Adjourned to the Front Steps."

as introduced, that she did not care to live in this world, and that she was ready to go whenever the summons came, and Mr. Bowser thought she would be no addition to Paradise, if she ever got there.

A poor dinner was served. It was poor in variety and stingy in quantity. During the meal Mr. Bowser was treated to incidents which had to do with woe and sorrow, and he had begun to get lonesome, too, before the meal was finished. After dinner he and the farmer adjourned to the front steps for a smoke and a talk.



"Here's the Old Boy, Himself!"

When they had talked for awhile, Mr. Bowser asked: "Don't you ever get lonesome out here?"

"I get darned lonesome," replied the farmer, "and so do all the rest of us, even to the hens and cows. Say, Mr. Bowser, sometimes we get rather cheerful, and those are the times we talk of suicide!"

"Don't you ever get up to the city?" queried Mr. Bowser as he felt a feeling of pity for the whole family.

"Once in a great while I go up, but I never have over a half dollar in my pockets and I don't see anything worth telling them about when I get home."

"How came you to let the farm run down so bad?" was queried.

"Loneliness and melancholy, sir," was the reply. "When a man is lonely and melancholy, he don't care a rap how things go. I can see as well as you can that the fences are rotting away, the old barn is about ready to fall down and there ought to be a hustling man around here. That's the reason I want to sell. I want to get away from this loneliness. We all want to see something new and exciting."

"Why don't you come up to the city for a week?"

"Say, that would jest fit us, but we might as well think of going to Heav-

en. Where's the money to pay our expenses? If we could get away for a week, we'd come home here full of ambition, and the old cow would hardly know any of us, but there's no use wasting breath in talking about it."

Mr. Bowser's heart was touched. He felt pity for the whole family. He cast around in his mind for some way out for the unfortunates. He did not mean to say what he did say, but found himself remarking:

"Why, if you think you could leave the farm for a week, you can all come up town and stop for a week and it won't cost you a red cent."

As soon as Mr. Bowser uttered the above words, he felt a chill come over him and would have recanted if he could, but it was too late.

Mr. Bowser went away, and he didn't get his normal feeling back until he reached home. Then he had about forgotten the incident that the farmer had accepted his invitation, and that he would ever show up was a thing to be regarded as impossible. He remarked to Mrs. Bowser that he didn't buy the land, but said nothing further; but the other day he was treated to the surprise of his life. As he came up to dinner he saw four children at his gate, as if awaiting his appearance. When he came nearer they all rushed for him, and seized his clothing wherever they could, and shouted a glad welcome to him. He was nonplused for a moment, and then he recognized the lonely children of the lonely farmhouse.

"What are you doing here?" in a not unkindly voice.

"Why, we have come to stop with you a week," was the reply. "Paw and maw are in the house, and your wife has been awfully good to us. She has shown us every room in the house and all of us have patted the cat."

Mr. Bowser came near fainting away, but got the grip on his emotions and managed to climb the front steps and open the door. The farmer and his wife were in the hall to greet him with outstretched hands, and the farmer shouted:

"Here's the old boy himself! You invited us to stay a week with you, and we have come to stay."

Mr. Bowser did not look at Mrs. Bowser. He was afraid of falling dead if he did so. When dinner was served all trooped down, and the farmer and his flock ate as never before. They carried the burden of the conversation, and they enjoyed themselves as if it had been their first circus. The evening was worn away in some old way, and at ten o'clock Mr. Bowser faced Mrs. Bowser in their own bedroom. He was prepared to die, and he was going to die as a brave man should.

"Well?" she queried, as she looked him in the eyes.

"Don't say one word—not one word," he whispered. "If you'll go through with this thing, I'll give you fifty dollars in cash to buy clothes with."

She said nothing further, and the rest of the week was devoted to the

family without a complaint. That family had what the farmer called a rip-roaring old time. They drummed on the piano; they almost drove the cat mad; they destroyed two or three rugs; they broke up furniture, and they blew out the gas. Finally the day came when they were to depart. They remained just a week to the minute, and, as they stood on the front steps, satchels in hand, they shook hands with Mrs. Bowser and bade her an effusive good-by, and almost collected a crowd in front of the house by so doing. The farmer felt it his duty to return from the gate and climb the steps to shake hands over again, and say to Mrs. Bowser:

"Tell the old boy that I shall always love him for this, and you can take it that we shall be grateful to you as long as we live. Tell him that the melancholy is gone, and the loneliness is gone, and the first thing I shall do when I reach home will be to put a new hinge on the gate, and hustle around to brighten up things."

And when Mr. Bowser reached home, hours later, all that Mrs. Bowser said to him was:

"They got off about three o'clock."

"Oh, they did, eh?" was his reply; and he felt in his vest pocket and pulled out a fifty-dollar bill and handed it over.

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The Soldier-Christian

By REV. J. H. RALSTON, D. D.
Secretary of Correspondence Department,
Moody Bible Institute, Chicago

TEXT—No man that warreth entangleth himself with the affairs of this life; that he may please him who hath chosen him to be a soldier.—II Timothy 2:4.

This is not a consideration of the Christian as a soldier fighting for his country, but of the Christian considered from a military standpoint. The figure of the soldier is used quite freely in the Bible in speaking of the Christian, and we are justified in applying that figure to the modern Christian. There are several things in a soldier's experience today that belong to the Christian and to



these we will give attention. The Christian's Enlistment and Oath of Loyalty.

Every soldier of his country must take an oath of allegiance to the government and the inclusiveness of this oath is very great. The Christian who will not make a pledge to his Lord, ordinarily in a public way, lacks the first visible testimony that he is a soldier of the Lord. Christian profession is most important, and the exceptions to the rule but prove its importance.

The Christian's Equipment for Service.

The Christian must have his equipment for service as the government of any country must equip its soldiers, in which case clothing, food, shelter, arms, ammunition and other things are absolutely necessary. In the sixth chapter of the Epistle to the Ephesians this equipment of the soldier-Christian is quite fully given. That equipment is spiritual of course, but it will be noticed that it is both defensive and offensive. The enemy of the Christian often attacks, and the Christian must defend himself. The Christian must not make it a rule of his life however to await the attack of the enemy, but must attack as well. For attack only one weapon is named, and that is the sword of the spirit of the word of God. Unlike human wars, the spiritual warfare has known no change through the ages. The Bible today is the best weapon and there are no Zephelins nor other aircraft, nor submarines, nor mines, nor anything else that makes it obsolete. It is well to note that there is only the offensive weapon. Many have forgotten this; the Bible has been abandoned and the enemy has pressed the post of righteousness back. Courage, knowledge, faith and all other equipment will be furnished if the Bible is used faithfully. The weapon of offense needs emphasis.

The Christian's Training.

The Christian does too much unorganized fighting. His warfare is too largely a guerrilla warfare. In connection with the national army of the United States the training is most intensive, the results of which are astonishing to all beholding it. There are provisions for training the Christian. The old Methodist class-meeting, now showing innocuous desuetude, was a splendid training school in the days gone by. Sunday schools, Y. M. C. A.'s, young people's societies, etc., give fair training opportunity. For officers' training there are many theological seminaries, and a few of them turn out Napoleons and Grants and Pershings, but many of them are turning out officers with a very indistinct theory of real spiritual warfare and with very little knowledge of it practically. There are some great Bible schools where the training is intensive, largely so because the calls for workers must be promptly met and the time is short.

The Soldier-Christian and Hardship.

"Endure hardship as a good soldier of Jesus Christ," is what Paul said to the recruit Timothy. Whatever may be done by the government or the people of the various countries for the comfort of men at the battle front, ultimately there is hardship.

The Soldier-Christian Must Fight.

"Fight the good fight of faith" is the Scripture exhortation and there is no escaping that responsibility. To fight is to oppose an enemy, to injure or destroy him, to gain the victory over him by contention. The old hymn gives the right idea:

Fight on my soul till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee at thy parting breath
Up to his blessed abode.

In Ephesians 6:10 the Christian is told that he fights against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places. Today there is an enemy in the form of false religions teaching that he must fight. The Christian must contend for the faith once for all delivered to the saints.

The Christian's worst enemies are those within his own bosom—his pride, unbelief, indifference, unholiness, evil heart, all active enemies every moment.

The bright ray of cheer that comes to the soldier-Christian is that ultimate victory is assured. He will overcome by the blood of the lamb. His crown will be given him by the righteous Judge in that day.

Recalls Economy of 1864

Let the persons who think wheelless and meatless days are a hardship listen to the venerable men and women whose memory takes them back to the Civil war, says the Anaconda (Mont.) Standard.

Roasted barley, parched corn, chicory roots, and even dandelion roots, dried and roasted, were used as coffee substitutes. White or granulated sugars were a rarity and only on the table for company. Brown sugar and old-fashioned black molasses, bread and honey, and even bread and ham fat were considered pretty good enough for all but the old people. In those days nearly every family in town kept a cow. Those who didn't, as a rule, went without milk. The papers of that day emphasized the fact that coffee and tea were more nutritious when used without milk.

BOSCHEE'S GERMAN SYRUP

Why use ordinary cough remedies, when Boschee's German Syrup has been used so successfully for fifty-one years in all parts of the United States for coughs, bronchitis, colds settled in the throat, especially lung troubles. It gives the patient a good night's rest, free from coughing, with easy expectoration in the morning, gives nature a chance to soothe the inflamed parts, throw off the disease, helping the patient to regain his health. Sold in all civilized countries. 80 and 90 cent bottles.—Adv.

Responsibility.

"Prohibition has made a great change in Crimson Gulch," commented the occasional visitor.

"Yes," replied Three Finger Sam. "I never saw the settlement so quiet and polite."

"How do you account for it?"

"Well, liquor is no longer handy as an excuse for reckless talk and everybody's nerves have steadied down so that if a man should reach for a gun it 'ud have to mean something."

What Convinced Him.

Defendant's Lawyer—You say my clients called you names! How did you know for sure that they were talking to you and not to somebody else?

Plaintiff—Well, maybe I was mistaken, but when they accompanied their conversation with bluffs on my jaw and swats on my ribs I naturally couldn't be blamed for thinking they were addressing their remarks to me.—Judge.

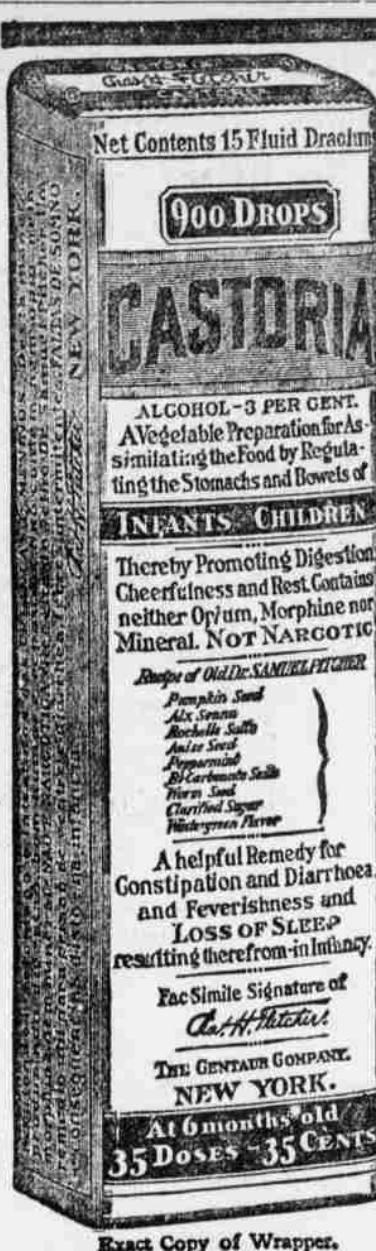
Getting Away With It.

Professor—What did you come late for?

Student—For work.

Bachelors' Foresight.

Few bachelors would object to being taxed if it would insure them against designing mothers.



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For Infants and Children.

Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria

Always Bears the Signature of

Dr. J. C. Watson

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

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Habitual Constipation Relieved

If you wake in the morning with a bad taste in the mouth, coated tongue, perhaps headache, your liver is torpid. A torpid liver deranges the whole system, produces sick headache, dyspepsia, costiveness and piles. There is no better remedy for these disorders than DR. TUTT'S LIVER PILLS. Try them just once and be eternally convinced. For sale by all druggists.

Dr. Tutt's Liver Pills



COLT DISTEMPER

You can prevent this loathsome disease from running through your stable and cure all the colts suffering with it when you begin the treatment. No matter how young, SPOHN'S is safe to use on any colt. It is wonderful how it prevents all distempers, no matter how colts or horses at any age are "exposed." All good druggists and turf goods houses and manufacturers sell SPOHN'S at 50 cents and \$1 a bottle; \$5 and \$10 a dozen. SPOHN MEDICAL CO., Mfrs., Goshen, Ind., U. S. A.

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Every statement made in our advertisements is true. Every testimonial we publish is genuine and honest, which proves that

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

Is the greatest remedy for women's ills known

LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO. LYNN, MASS.

Best Soldier a Middleweight.

It isn't the big 170-pounders that the examining boards who have been choosing recruits for the new National army greet with enthusiasm, says Milestones. It's the lithe chap who weighs about 140 and hasn't a pound to spare that is the real prize for military service.

Tests made at Princeton and in the training camps go to show that, weight for weight, a man of this build handles himself more effectively. He scores relatively low in strength tests, but remarkably high in endurance. He is adaptable when it comes to the modifications of diet that life in camp makes necessary and he can stand inspection with full equipment on a hot day and smile, while the big fellow wilts and falls out.

Dishonesty has passed the limit when a man cheats at solitaire.

When Your Eyes Need Care Try Murine Eye Remedy

No Smarting—Just Eye Comfort. 50 cents at Druggists or mail. Write for Free Brochure. MURINE EYE REMEDY CO., CHICAGO

Being a Millionaire.

A nice thing about being a millionaire is the anxiety of all the merchants to sell you goods on credit.

KIDNEY TROUBLE OFTEN CAUSES SERIOUS BACKACHE

When your back aches, and your bladder and kidneys seem to be disordered, go to your nearest drug store and get a bottle of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root. It is a physician's prescription for ailments of the kidneys and bladder.

It has stood the test of years and has a reputation for quickly and effectively giving results in thousands of cases. This preparation so very effective, has been placed on sale everywhere. Get a bottle, medium or large size, at your nearest druggist.

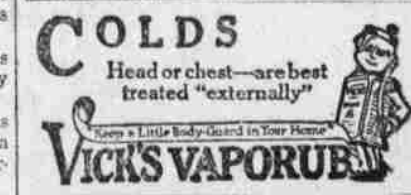
However, if you wish first to test this preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Adv.

One can't tell what is in a man and a mince pie by the looks.

The Polu Magnificent.

After one of the battles near Verdun a Polu who had distinguished himself for conspicuous gallantry was called over by an officer. "Of what religion are you?" he asked. The sailor saluted and respectfully replied: "I am of that religion that looks God in the eyes." He is the "Polu magnificent." —Capt. Gustav P. Capart in the New York Herald.

Some men seem to have the horse-ters brand of horse sense.



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